

Good Morning

S50

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WHAT will be the effect of air transport on British shipping after the war?

B.O.A.C. aircraft alone carried 46,000 passengers in the first nine months of last year, and traffic-ton-miles flown amounted to 16,500,000. A considerable weight of mails was carried.

American figures vastly over-top these.

Over 14,000,000 miles have been flown by Russian transport pilots in the past two years.

German air transport marvels have been largely responsible for preventing a Wehrmacht collapse in Russia.

The post-war air will carry traffic that used pre-war to go by sea, but the proportion thus diverted will be minute, though valuable. Shipping will have to adapt and make changes; but the total volume of shipping should increase, not decrease.

Chief of the changes will be the passing of the "ocean greyhound" liners.

Several British and American aircraft firms are now actually building air liners to carry from 100 to 400 passengers apiece. These machines are scheduled to travel at about 300 m.p.h.

CHEAP BY AIR.

Juan Trippe, chairman of Pan American Airways, biggest passenger carriers in the air, stated not long ago that his company had decided on the construction of 50 new Clippers, each capable of carrying 153 passengers from New York to London in ten hours "at a fare of 100 dollars."

In face of such competition the first-class sea passenger traffic is going to be skimmed clean. Liners of the "Queen Mary" and "Normandie" class, that cost £10,000,000 apiece to build, cease to be a commercial proposition if their first-class passenger list is deleted. So would the fast Mediterranean and Eastern liners.

I have been on the sea for 50 years. I began in "Cutty Sark" and saw sail go out; it looks as if I may see, in their turn, the crack passenger liners give place to a new type of boat. This will probably be the fast cargo liner, such as are now being turned out by some British yards.

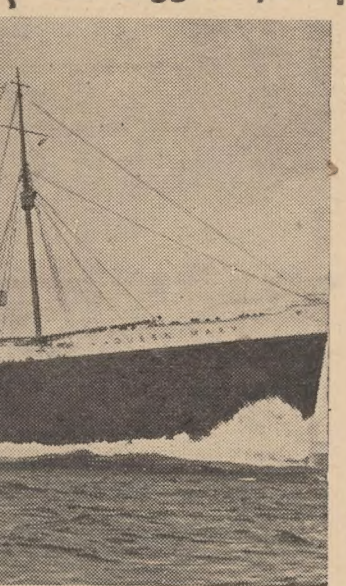
NEW SHIPS WILL PAY.

With the speeds up to about 20 knots, these ships have luxurious accommodation for 50 or 100 passengers, as well as modern facilities for some 10,000 tons of cargo, and modern cargo-handling gear.

There is excellent accommodation for officers and crew; each officer has a roomy cabin to himself, with running water, wardrobe, etc.; the captain has a day room and office, bedroom and bathroom; even the higher ratings have two-berth cabins.

Such vessels would travel regular routes, with properly scheduled times; and passenger comfort aboard would be of the highest class, though without

Our biggest yet



which could never by any means be called "good"?

How many of us pursue luxury for ourselves, when we know full well that even in our own town poverty is rife?

Come along, chaps... let's face up to it. And I include myself, of course.

Do you and I consider, before we act... consider others and the possible effect of our action on them?

Do we make it a rule to only do the things which are for the betterment of others and the ultimate betterment of our country?

Because, don't you see, unless we do we are hardly entitled to criticise.

Start in our homes. Do we see that our contribution is such that we never cause any friction, or do we pose as the "great misunderstood"?

In our work, do we really, as employers, for instance, ever consider anything but profits, and try to get the most out of the men, instead of admitting that without the staff's co-operation we just can't do anything?

Or, as the employee, are we prepared to do a bit extra when the occasion arises without first of all killing every advantage by wasting invaluable time in stupid argument?

We say, "There are two sides to every question." Maybe there are, but only ONE of them is Right... the point really is that both parties are

entitled to the Right... and if it IS Right, then both parties will benefit... and benefit in a more Christian manner.

Don't you see that working EVERYTHING on these lines, EVERYBODY is going to be better?

Or do you think it is only an ideal... too ethereal for earthly application?

May I say that, not only is it possible, but that IT IS BEING PRACTISED? And, what is more important, it is being PROVED workable and universally beneficial.

I have made the acquaintance of a group of men and women who are daily putting it to the test, and every minute finding that it works.

Make no mistake, it means throwing most ideas overboard and going into action with decks cleared... but these people have started by getting THEMSELVES right, and keeping themselves right, and letting nothing unrighteous stand in their path.

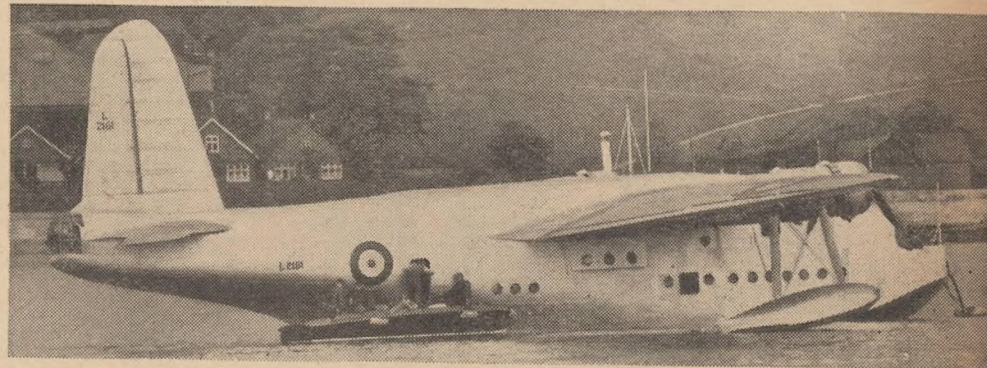
These people start their day at 5.30 a.m. by listening to God and asking for guidance... which guidance they jot down on a piece of paper.

The guidance, mark you, is shared with others... it is not for personal gain... and tested by four standards of Honesty, Purity, Unselfishness and Love. It gives a clear

30 MAR. 1944

WINGS or WAVES?

G. Pursey Phillips,
Commodore of the
Clan Line sums up
the "Ships v.
Planes" argument



the ostentation of the old trans-Atlantic liner.

Ships of the new sort can be built and run with great economy on a basis of upwards of 50 passengers per trip.

Speeds may be actually higher than the old liner speeds within a few years of the end of the war, for sensational steps have been taken since 1939 in the development of very fast and light marine Diesels for naval craft, which have made sea speeds possible that were considered moonshine before this war began.

Mr. E. C. Gordon England, chairman of the British Engineering Industries Association, has stated that a fleet of 5,000 air transports, of a size we could build today, could move 150,000 tons a week trans-Atlantic in both directions.

It is known that the combined British, U.S. and Russian aircraft output now exceeds 14,000 per month, so 5,000 air transports is not an impossibility.

To ferry the normal cargo of one 10,000 tons vessel across the Atlantic, about 250 air transports of the biggest size now in normal use would be required.

Flying back and forth as fast as servicing could be supplied, they would deliver the last load of that cargo at the same time as the ship would finish discharging. Much of the cargo of course, would be delivered earlier.

COSTS CAN'T COMPARE.

But consider the cost. Two hundred such cargo aircraft

would take at least 200 days to build, as against, say, 20 days for a Liberty ship; and their 800 motors would make them much more costly.

These 800 motors, to haul the ship's cargo trans-Atlantic, would burn between £1,000,000 and £2,000,000 worth of petrol; but the ship would cross on less than £5,000 worth of fuel oil.

The personnel of the air freighter fleet would number at least 1,000; the crew of the ship would be between 50 and 100. The normal life of a ship is at least five times that of a big aircraft.

A study of these figures will convince most people that ships will go on carrying the world's heavy freight for a long time to come. Jet propulsion, and other advances in aircraft construction, may increase speeds and enlarge cargo space, but it will be a very long while before an aeroplane can carry a 10,000 tons cargo. At present, an air cargo of 10 tons is looked upon as nearly a miracle!

For passengers and mails, the story is different. The Atlantic has many times been flown in under 10 hours, as against four days' liner time. Aircraft have flown from California to Australia in less than 35 hours, instead of surface-travel time of 60 days.

Although British shipping companies are making extensive plans to run their own airlines after the war, I believe there will be more pas-

Big in her day,
She's dwarf, now

senger and freight transport by sea than before 1939.

Besides the fast cargo liners I have mentioned, there will be great scope for 30,000 tons vessels for long-distance cheap passenger travel and, of course, for a great fleet of tramp ships.

SO BOATS WILL STAY.

The war has opened up and industrialised great new areas of the world, and taught millions to travel who might never otherwise have left their own country. It has displayed opportunities of commercial development, and all this will mean an increased demand for post-war transport.

Mr. J. Slater, vice-president of American Export Airlines, has stated in an authoritative analysis, that 103 big aircraft will be all that the U.S. will be likely to be able to employ for overseas use with commercial profit for three years after the war.

Meanwhile, the U.S. alone, in the last two years, has built over 24,000,000 deadweight tons of new merchant shipping. No one need fear that all these new ships, with the ones built by Britain and other countries, will be scrapped to make room for air freighters and air liners as soon as the war is done. There will be more business about the seas than ever.

have poverty if you banish greed. They know that you can't have profiteering and slumdom where you have established unselfishness and honesty.

They know that you can't have the darkness of stinking Sin where you have the light of Purity.

AND YOU AND I KNOW IT, TOO... If we stop to think. Why the heck don't we?

I haven't room to do justice to these practical Christians, but this organisation holds its head proudly, remembering the words of Christ, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake."

That's something, isn't it? Cheerio and Good Hunting.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Beneath The Surface

With Al Male

A FEW of us were sheltering during a recent blitz... things were pretty sticky... terrific gunfire and the usual background for what most people call "the jitters."

Not a word was spoken, as most of us were finding mental antidotes to the outside disturbance.

Then, during a lull, someone said, "This is what civilisation has brought us to... this is what Religion has done for us."

Obviously that could hardly go unchallenged, and it was not in the least surprising that a voice should say, "Don't you mean, 'This is where the misuse of civilisation and the non-application of religion have brought us'?"

The first speaker was taken aback.

"Well... we ARE civilised, aren't we, and we ARE religious, aren't we?" he asked.

"As for civilised," the second person said, "that is a relative term, and as for being religious, well I would almost state that we, as a whole, are NOT religious, because we do not LIVE our religion."

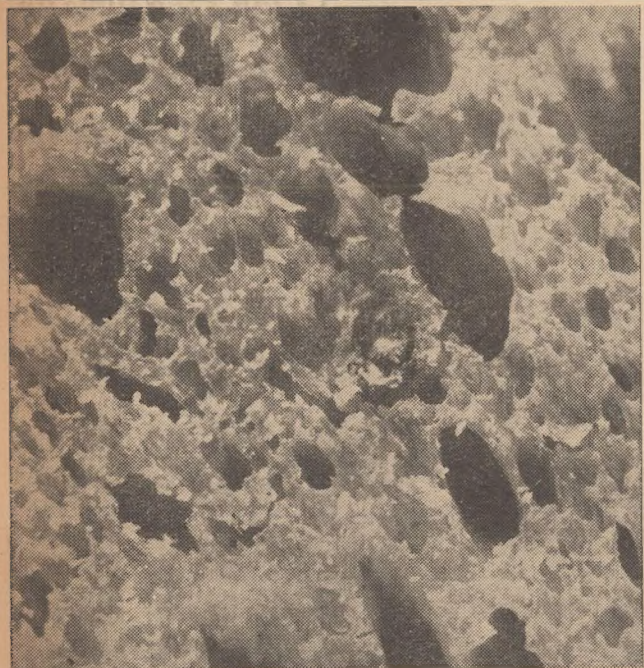
And how many of us do?... or should I say... HOW FEW OF US?

How few of us even say our prayers, and if we do, pray for others as well as ourselves and relations?

How few of us plan our thoughts and actions according to God's law, whether they mean an alteration in our particular aims or not... whether it means admitting that the other person is right and entitled to a square deal the same as we claim for ourselves?

How few of us are concerned with the "other fellow" at all, so long as WE make good... make GOOD, mark you, when almost invariably it is by a method

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was: Part of a Loose-Leaf Book.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

JESSE ADOPTS ALL SIX ORPHANS

JESSE was weeding corn in the wheat-field which runs alongside his garden. He had "spudded" along to nearly halfway across the field when he almost trod on a baby rabbit.

It was such a tiny speck, crouched in between the drills of corn that he would never have noticed it but that it hooped aside from the crushing approach of Jesse's boot.

It isn't only the protective covering that makes an animal invisible in its home surroundings; they merge themselves into the browns and greens so that no outline can be seen.

Jesse picked up the baby rabbit, saying, "Hello, tiny, what can I do for you this morning?"

The little creature didn't quite cover the hand on which it sat, and, having no answer ready for Jesse's question, just wrinkled its little nose in a friendly sort of way and made itself comfortable on its strange perch.

"You'll be happy enough in here till harvest!" said Jesse, putting it gently down in the corn and watching it hop leisurely along.

It stopped where a small heap of soil marked the entrance to a rabbit-hole, and Jesse, walking across, found six young rabbits crouched around, the whole family of youngsters waiting for mother's return.

"You'll be all right here," said Jesse to the little creatures, who seemed rather doubtful about it all, as a pair of big boots swayed down the corn around their home.

"Gen yer keep away from the hedges, yer'll be all right till harvest," he continued, and went on spudding thistles, after cautioning the six tiny tots that "it ain't healthy for young rabbits along the hedge-sides."

Jesse worked his way along to the further hedge—spudding out thistles and charcoal, and feeling greatly buoyed up by having a word with six baby rabbits.

He turned by the hedge, and on the headland found a "milky-doe" with a gaping hole in its neck.

"Poor little beggars—waitin' for mother!" he said, picking up the doe to examine it.

A weasel or stoat never mauls the flesh of its victims—being content to feast on the blood—and Jesse found the rabbit quite usable for the morrow's dinner.

He worked his way back to the home side of the field, feeling sorry for the baby rabbits waiting for the return of the "milky-doe."

He climbed over the fence into his garden and presented Mrs. Jesse with a freshly killed rabbit.

Then, furtively and secretly, he entered the tool-shed, opened an empty rabbit hutch, placed a handful of hay inside, and took out of his coat pockets—six baby rabbits.

"There," he said, "that'll be better na waitin' outside," and then he went back to spudding thistles.

OR please pass the Promethians—or the Congreves—or the Chlorates—or the Lucifers. They're all much the same! The forerunners of matches as we know them today bore all these imposing names. And soon we shall be celebrating the 150th anniversary of modern matches as contrasted with the troublesome old tinders of flint and steel.

As recently as 1800, rushlights and phosphorous bottles were still in use. The tinder box passed from hand to hand, although it was being rapidly replaced by paper soaked in saltpetre or wood tipped with sulphur.

The idea of the rushlight, of course, was a slow-burning flame in a cylinder which was always kept alight. Alternatively, when you wanted a light from the phosphorous, you dipped a sulphur-tipped stick (say that quickly!) into the bottle and waved it about till a flame spurted. Then, if you didn't re-stopper the bottle quickly the entire thing exploded. Most people preferred tinder boxes to these early Molotov Cocktails!

MADE WORLD TRIP—IN A FARM-BUILT BOAT!

(From Alex Dilke)

SINCE the days of Drake, circumnavigating the globe has held a peculiar fascination for men of all kinds, from the yachtsman to the tripper buying his round ticket at a tourist office and travelling in luxury.

The strangest and perhaps boldest of circumnavigators will probably always remain an American, Harry Pidgeon, who accomplished the feat soon after the last war.

Pidgeon decided to go entirely alone, which was, in itself, remarkable.

He decided to build his own boat, although he had never built a boat before. And most remarkable of all, he was not even, at the time he made up his mind, a sailor, but worked on a farm!

Working on plans he found in a yachting magazine, Pidgeon built a yawl, 34 feet long and with a large cabin. In this he fixed considerable storage space for food and water, as well as sleeping accommodation for himself.

In spite of the sceptics, his boat not only sailed well, but showed that his idea of travelling while asleep with shortened sail and the rudder lashed was perfectly practicable.

The construction of the boat took him eighteen months.

Before starting on his "dream voyage" round the world, he wisely decided on a trial trip. He made it from Los Angeles to Hawaii, and learned a great deal. Then he returned, made his preparations, provisioned, and set out.

Three years and fifty weeks later he returned, having accomplished what should have been, to a man of his experience, the impossible.

SOLITARY WATCH BELOW.

He had many narrow shaves, inevitable when the great ocean crossings he made alone are considered.

When it was his "watch below," he had to sleep with one ear open for any change in the direction and force of the wind. But slowly he became instinctive, and he would dash from his cabin to the lashed rudder in pitch darkness.

In actual fact, he only ran aground once. This was on the coast of South Africa.

Possibly he slept more soundly than usual or miscalculated the force of the tide. At any rate, when he awoke in the morning his boat was motionless, and he

got up to find he had been beached and left high.

The boat had been damaged, and he could not repair it without materials. It was a lonely part of the coast, but he just kept walking until he came to a farm.

The owner was astonished to hear his story, but gave him all the help he could, finding him determined to go on.

Pidgeon repaired the boat and continued on his trip.

He followed a route across the Pacific to New Guinea, then made for the African Coast, calling at Christmas Island and Mauritius, on to Cape Town, and finally across the Atlantic to the Panama Canal, and thus up the west coast of America to Los Angeles again.

He said his greatest dangers came not from the sea and storms, but from large ships, which constantly threatened to run him down in the darkness, and well-meaning ones who sought to rescue him during the day, convinced that the tiny boat in mid-ocean could only carry the survivor of a shipwreck.

His narrowest escape was just after nightfall, when he was approaching the Panama Canal towards the end of his journey. He had turned in, but suddenly heard a voice bellowing "Stand by for a line!"

Rushing from his cabin, he was horrified to see the great sides of a freighter looming over him, and men leaning on the rail throwing a rope.

In the very definite language of the sea he told them he didn't want to be "rescued," and that if they didn't go hard astern, a sea would smash his boat against their side.

A wave did, in fact, throw the yawl against the ship, smashing the bowsprit and damaging the bows, but Pidgeon was determined no one was going to give him a "lift," and, having got clear, he persuaded the other vessel to continue while he examined the damage.

DANGER FROM BATHING.

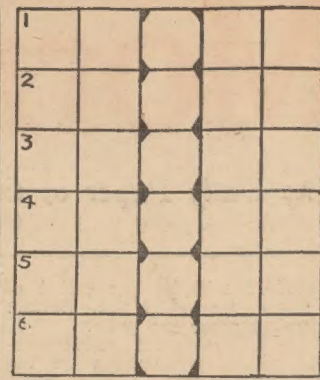
It was fairly extensive, but he managed to make Port-of-Spain

PUZZLE CORNER



THE NINE FLOWERS.

There are nine flowers in your garden, arranged as in the diagram, and you are going to pick them. The puzzle is to walk past all of them through the centres of the flowers, in four straight lines only. There are many ways of walking past them in five straight lines, but only one in four. What is it? (Draw your lines, piece of paper and try it on that. place to.)



Fill in the missing words according to the clues and the centre word will give you the capital of a European country. Here are the clues: 1. They give you light. 2. Found in the head. 3. Bridge beheaded. 4. Wild fruit. 5. Pain acutely. 6. Rest.

or mark nine dots on a separate piece of paper and try it on that. You may cross your own path if you want to.)

These are Comfy Germs

DO germs make good mothers? and should germs be spooned?

are questions which might occur to anyone touring the remote Hertfordshire building known to Britain's scientists as the Germ Exchange, and officially as "The National Collection of Type Cultures."

In a series of astonishing rooms full of glass bottles and sealed boxes is the most remarkable home to be found for

germ children anywhere in the world.

Here are born and bred billions of British germs—but happily they live and die in captivity.

Dr. St. John Brooks, the curator of the collection—housed in a branch of the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine—is too proud of the germs in his possession—"the little fellows," as he calls them—to permit run-aways.

The risks involved in the Lister experiments are no greater than those run daily in ordinary hospital routine.

The germs comprise every kind of bacillus. They come from all over the world. There can be few human diseases the originator of which is not represented, and there are also germs which cause only animal or plant disease.

Some 2,000 varieties are housed here, perpetually growing in number owing to the germs' faculty of reproducing.

Occasionally they are weeded out and sent to all parts of the world—by air or convey—for experimental purposes.

When a doctor discovers a new germ, his first act is to send a specimen captive to the Lister Institute. Although some 4,000 germ-containing test-tubes are sent out every year, the number of germs in the collection thus remains much the same.

THEY'RE DAINTY EATERS.

Imagine the task of maintaining these little creatures! How would you feed a midge measuring perhaps twenty-five thousandths of an inch across?

It isn't so simple, especially as some require such dainties as mashed potatoes and boiled blood if they are to be kept good-tempered.

True, some require no food at all except "agar," the gelatinous substance on which they rest in the test-tube, but these are in the minority. Dr. Brooks has a great deal of work with some of his other charges.

A few have to be transplanted into other test-tubes at different periods. The meningococcus, or cerebro-spinal meningitis germ, has to be transferred into different tubes every three weeks.

Some are beneficial creatures, such germs as are found in cheese and beer and wine, and without which the manufacture of these commodities might be impossible.

They find a home in the collection, since Dr. Brooks is not only concerned with disease. He is continually making experiments with regard to the use of germs for industrial purposes.

At one time the manufacturer of certain products had to guess at his results. Now he enlists the aid of the National Collection of Type Cultures and makes certain.

And any doctor will tell you that every new bit of knowledge about disease germs means health—and perhaps life itself—for thousands.

Please Pass Those Oxymuriates

Sparks of flint and steel, however, were always erratic. (Guess you know that!) In the end it was a Frenchman who invented the first chemical match, a German who improved it, a Swede who gave the wheel of progress another turn—and Englishmen discovered the highway to the wooden matches of to-day. The match is thus a miniature League of Nations.

The Frenchman, M. Chancel, coated the old sulphur sticks with a paste of chlorate of potash, sugar and gum, and on touching sulphuric acid soaked in asbestos fibre—hey presto, they struck! Some of the first matches needed to be scratched on sandpaper; some needed such slight friction that they were always exploding.

A box of Chancel's matches cost 15s., which was somewhat prohibitive. Then came the phosphorous match—a horror invented, strangely enough, in Germany. Not only were the risks of manufacture appalling, but the fumes of the factory created disease that rotted the bones. Then Mr. Lundstrom, of

Sweden, got busy on safety matches—sticks so tipped that the entire box wouldn't be liable to explode when struck. They were patented in England—and matches haven't changed much in the elapsing century.

The queer thing, however, is that various kinds of phosphorous are still used, and are still dangerous. A satisfactory substitute has never been found, and only rigorous factory inspection of cleanliness and ventilation makes matches comparatively safe in manufacture.

Yet matches focus a world trade calculated to be worth £300,000,000. It has been said that a fifth of the total territories of Norway, Sweden, Finland and British Columbia are match forests. In France the manufacture is a farmed monopoly that reaps handsome profits; the U.S., too, has match taxes which reap rich dividends.

And there's more to a match in manufacture than the stick and the tip. I've seen a single machine which can slice wooden blocks into 17,000,000 splints a

Asks Ronald Garth

day; these splints in turn are split into hundreds of matches.

Then the sticks are carried in drums to immersing tanks, where impregnation in a solution of salt serves to prevent the wood from breaking off or glowing after use. Dried and blown up a pipe on to vibrating screens that sort the sizes, they are then dipped in paraffin before being tipped with the ignition paste—its recipe still a firm trade secret. Matches are, of course, automatically packed, but the labelling of the boxes is still done by girls.

Matches have made millionaires a-plenty; so maybe there's something in the old rumour that an eternal match has been shushed off the market. The Swiss chemical factory of Chinoir certainly invented and patented a match which could be struck 200 times without losing its inflammability. This is said to have been bought up—and hushed up—by the Hungarian Match Trust for the sum of a million Swiss francs. But that's only £50,000—and it seems cheap at the price!

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

RUSSIA has used stamps extensively in this war as a propaganda weapon and morale builder. They are mostly transverse pictorials showing the Soviet forces in action against the enemy. Nurses, scouts, guerrilla fighters, stretcher bearers and a host of others have been shown at work. Factory hands, munition workers, and the home front generally have been honoured, too.

All the propaganda stamps are excellently designed and full of action, and this issue is well up to standard.

Collectors who, in normal times, favour the policy of Great Britain not to issue pictorials or commemoratives, might well pause to consider, on seeing these Soviet stamps, whether we might not do ourselves some good abroad and at home by using postage stamps to publicise the heroic deeds of our own Forces on sea land and in the air.

I believe that stamps of this kind would be immensely popular with the public and a fillip to collectors.



Two of the Russian stamps, illustrated in this column, commemorate the bravery of 16-year-old Shura Chekalina and an 18-year-old girl Hero of the Soviet Union named Zoya Kosmodemjanskaja.



Shura joined his father in a guerrilla detachment and did great things with grenades and rifle, till one day a grenade aimed at twelve Germans failed to explode and he was taken prisoner.

Before his execution he was told by the Nazis to write on a plywood board: "This is the end that awaits every partisan." What, in fact, he wrote was: "We shall wipe away from the earth the Fascist vermin."

The girl Zoya fought heroically with a guerrilla unit when the Germans were advancing on Moscow. She also was captured and brutally tortured to make her divulge military information. She wouldn't talk, and the Germans hanged her.

These noble examples of young Russia's resistance to the enemy are safely enshrined in the hearts of the people. But, as an outward expression of their pride and gratitude, these war stamps are unquestionably filling a useful purpose. The Russian Government are shrewd psychologists.

According to Moscow radio, new issues are on their way commemorating the epics of Stalingrad, Leningrad, Sevastopol and Odessa.

The Italians also use—or used before the Allies split the country—postage stamps for propaganda purposes. Their designs are formal and uninspired, differing widely from the Russian.



In this column you see one of a series issued last year. It looks like two stamps, but is one, with an all-round perforation of 14. Each of the three denominations has two panels, the left a head of King Victor Emmanuel, and the right a design of war weapons carrying a slogan promising victory to the Axis Powers.

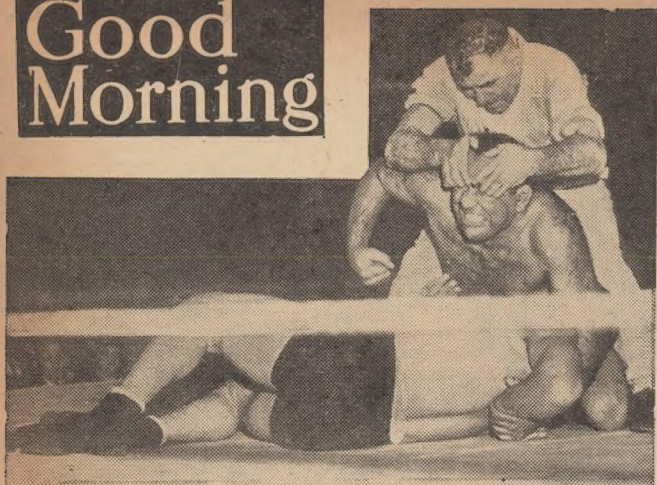
Some French air mails have just come to hand from African colonies now under the jurisdiction of the Free French.



They were reprinted by the Institut de Gravure at Paris in 1942, but are now used by the de Gaulle lists, without, oddly enough, the France Libre overprint. The colonies concerned are Togo, Senegal, Niger Territory, Mauritania, Ivory Coast, French Sudan, French Guinea, and Dahomey.

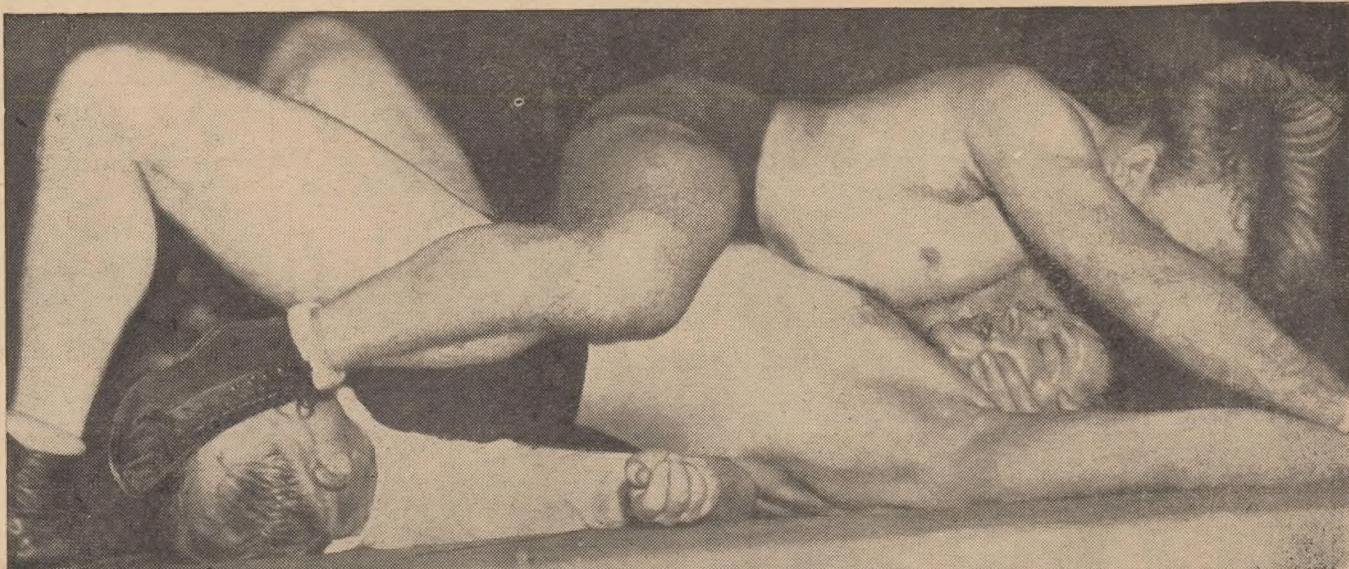
There are eight values, from 50c. to 50f., and two designs—an airplane taking off, and a plane flying over a camel patrol. They differ only in the name of the colony, which is typographed. Unwatermarked, they have a perforation of 12½ by 12. What quantities were printed, I don't know.

Good Morning

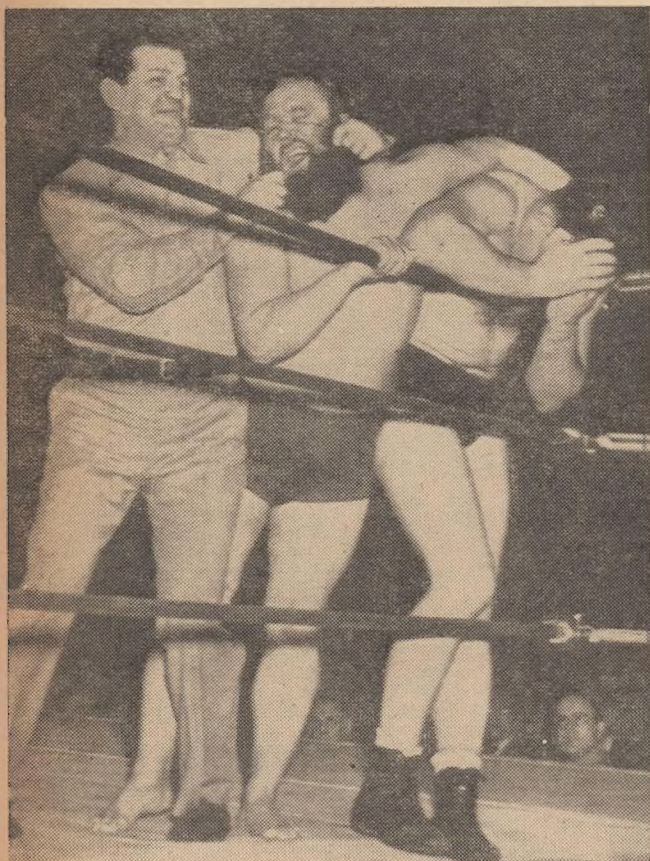


"Go to sleep my little piccaninny," or "Play fair boy, play fair, if you won't keep your eyes shut, how can you guess what I'm going to give you?"

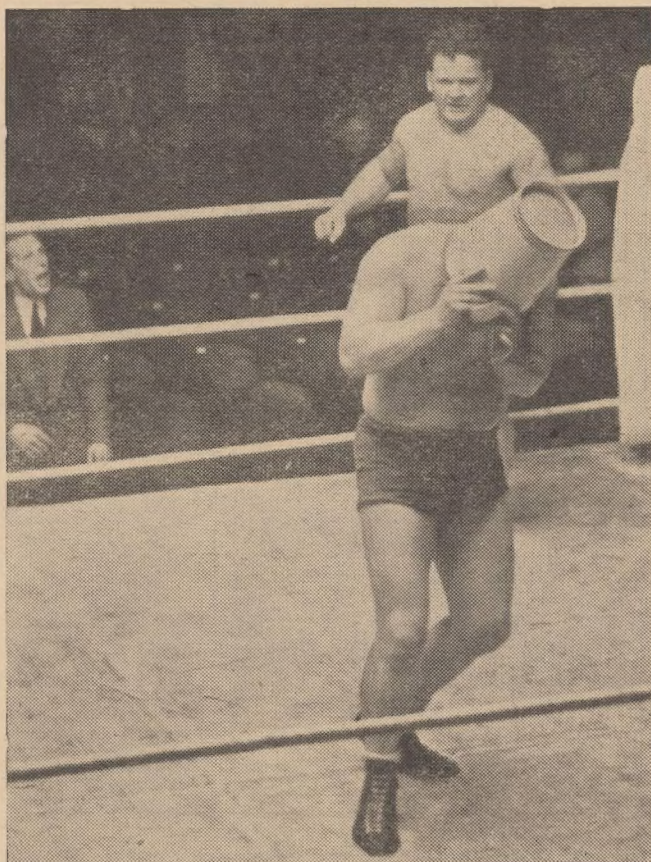
Anything for a living



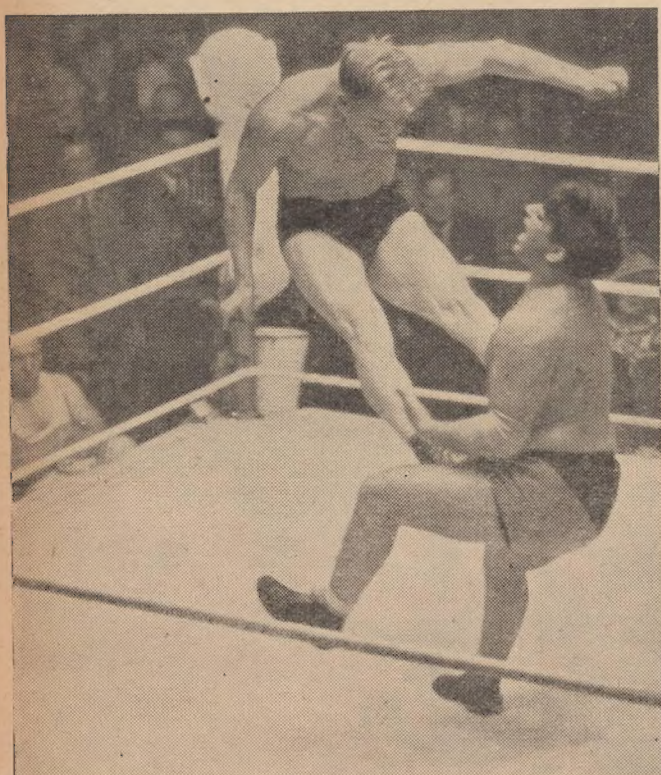
★ Believe it or not, but there was only one bed in the place, so they simply HAD to sleep head to toe. ★



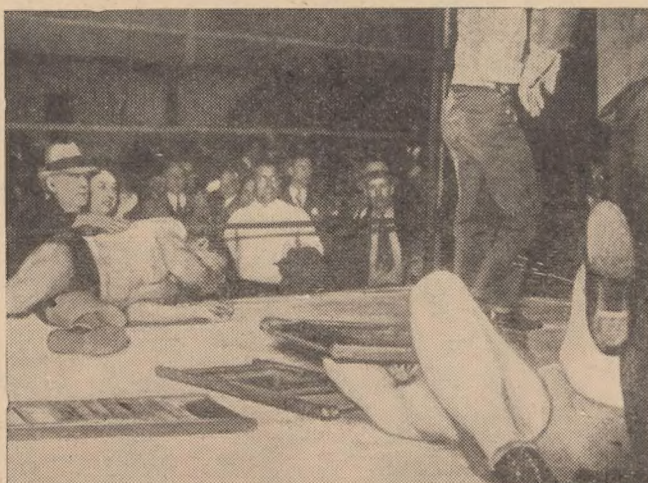
What we presume is meant by "Bearding the lion in his den." The chap on the ropes is weeping as he contemplates the fate of the he-man hair on his chest.



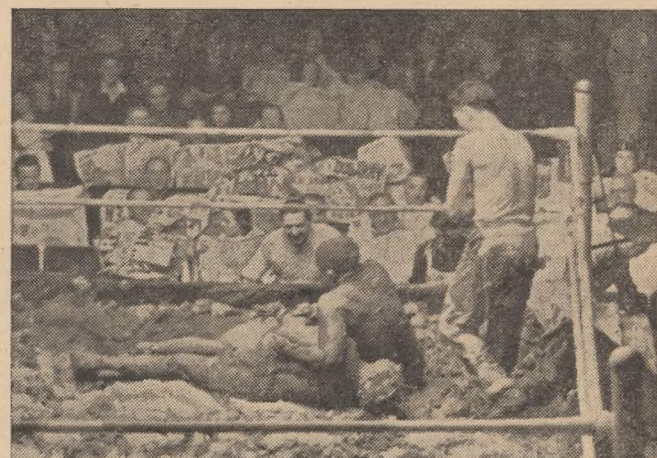
Spectator : " Hey, you can't do that there 'ere." Chick Night : " Aw, nuts. I'm sick of the sight of his face, so why the heck shouldn't I cover it ? "



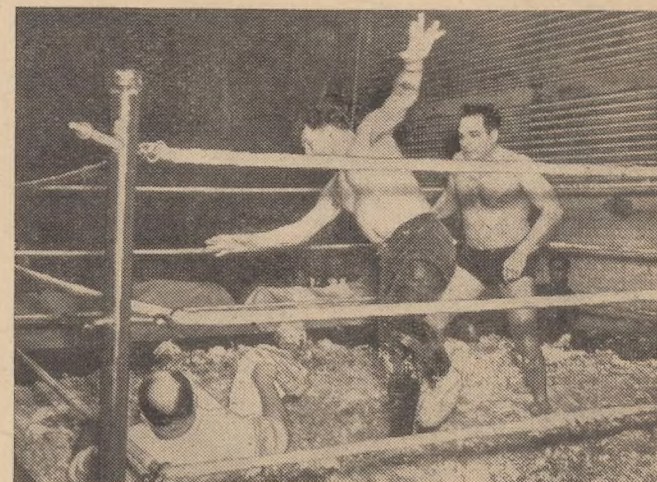
What is termed "Giving him a kick in the pants," or, alternatively "Jumping to it."



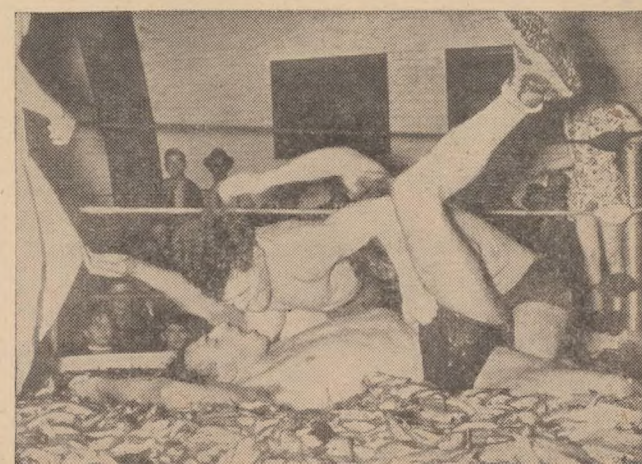
"Chairing the winner" replaced by "Chairing the loser." A new version, apparently so popular that even the spectators go all chivalrous and "give up their seats" to the contestants.



Somebody told these guys about mud-packs for beauty. Unfortunately the very places where they needed it most, seem to have escaped treatment. The "Fans" are not waiting for a hair cut . . . the sport (?) isn't hair-raising enough for that.



The referee takes his ices lying down. 250 gallons of eatable ice-cream wasted to add flavour to the show. What flavour? RASPBERRY of course.



Too fishy for words. A "Three for all" in which even a decision is entirely "in the scales."